Crittenden Record-Press

MARION : : : KENTUCKY

LARGE AND SMALL FAMILIES.

Where the population is largely agricultural and isolated, and where labor is scarce, the husbandman is proud to raise a large family, for the boys in time will help to lift the labor from his shoulders, and also there is always plenty of work for the girls to do about the farm. Moreover, food is plentiful and other desires are few. But no such stimulus for a large family exists in urban life, where it is often necessary to live in a flat, the very limitations of which point to the inadvisability of a numerous progeny, says Indianapolis Star. Moreover, as the individual rises in the social scale former desires become present needs. The coming of numerous children would mean the sacrifice of these needs by the parents, the descent to a lower standard of living, and the parents will not consent. Finally science has shown that a small family well taken care of makes a better showing in future generations than a large family poorly looked after. The fewer children of the well-provided-for family will actually show a more numerous progeny in the third generation than will the underfed and neglected children of the larger family. Eugenics is a big question, and a conscientious investigation of it will convince anyone that dogmatic assertion in that field is a hazardous performance. It is a general rule in biology that species with the most numerous offspring are those that bring fewest perfect and efficient individuals to maturity.

A Rhode Island traveling agent who was disappointed in the demand in a certain section for the fireless cookers which he was offering, discovered that the farmers of "Little Rhody" have taken to the use of their incubators for summer coking. Like the discovery of roast pig in China, this utilization of the incubator was the result of accident. A husband who had forgotten to put on the pork and beans in accordance with a promise to a wife "out shopping," dashed the beans into an incubator, thus saving his bacon at the expense of a few chicks which were called out to death in a fervent pork-and-beans atmosphere. The idea of both raising and cooking chickens in incubators is depressing to the manufacturers of fireless cookers.

President Taft has signed orders which provide for the further withdrawal of coal lands from entry and appropriation for mining purposes. The aggregate of such withdrawals now reaches over 71,500,000 acres. This means that the enormous area in question is to be preserved by the government for disposition in the future and that it is not to fall into the hands of grasping monopolists, says Troy Times. Coal lands may be open to agricultural entry, but the rich deposits underneath are to remain public property, subject to such arrangement as may be made in the general interest.

The ramming of the gunboat Castine which as a result lies on the beach at Provincetown, Mass., full of water, was due to a miscalculation in mimic warfare similar to that which caused the sinking of the French submarine Pluviose and the drowning of her entire crew. But in the case of the Bonita, which struck the Castine, the mistake was made in the line of duty, whereas the loss of the Pluviose was due to a "fool trick" on the part of her commander, who miscalculated when attempting to dive under a passenger steamer merely for spectacular effect.

The first sham battle in the air is reported from Vincennes, France, where balloons carried guns to the height of 325 feet and discharged them. One of the contending balloons was compelled to retreat, and both balloons happily outlived the sham battle, which was remarkable chiefly for this latter denouement.

Congress is to have another prince as delegate from Hawaii, but neither he nor his country can be superstitious, for his name is Jonah. It does not follow, however, that his entrance into our national deliberations will be followed by a wail.

A physician says that going on the stage is a sure cure for the blues. Somebody ought to protest against this prescribing for the individual at the expense of the public.

There has been a gain of $114,000,000 in the value of imports during the past eleven months, not including the diamonds and things that were missed by the inspectors at New York.

In Russia it is against the law to marry more than five times. Even in Russia we can't see why such a law should be necessary.

In London they say that a man should allow his wife one-fifth of his income. Here she gets five-fifths.

Ostrich Feathers

There seems to be something irresistibly attractive to women in the fluffy, nodding plumes of the ostrich, and if this great bird could not be bred on ostrich farms his race would become extinct. Like many another wearer of fine plumage, the goddess of fashion would pursue him to the death.

Although good ostrich plumes are as costly as ever, they are in wider demand than in all the history of millinery. Everyone wants plumes, and other ostrich feathers, in all the varied beautiful mountings which the artists make them up.

There is a wonderful variety to choose from. The introduction of "willow" plumes, that is those having the flues lengthened by tying on extra pieces, has brought out all sorts of color combinations and plumes of long sweeping fibers. They are very beautiful but not as practical as the unpieced plumes. In buying high priced ostrich feathers the French plumes with long, slightly curled flues are by far the best investment. They can be cleaned and recurled at a comparatively small outlay and may be bought on a guarantee from the dealer that they will stand wear. Moisture doesn't do them any permanent harm. On the other hand the willow plume cannot be guaranteed to wear. Those in black are especially fragile, something in the dye causes them to come untied or to break off when the air is damp. The white and light colors wear better than black.

When one does not need to think of economy there are beautiful effects to be wrought out by using plumes with pieced flues, which are well worth the price.

Three fall hats are illustrated here showing the simplicity and richness of ostrich used for trimming. They are mounted in groups of three or more toward the back of the hat as a rule. Nothing else is needed on the shape and the addition of a band and bow about the crown is a matter of choice, for a shape bearing a full tuft of plumes is amply trimmed.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

NEW TOUCH IN JEWELRY

Quaint Idea That Has Only Recently Made Its Appearance, and Is Welcomed.

Jewelry, at any rate, in our loose acceptance of the term, for no stones are visible in this pretty fancy. I have spoken of the gold lace pins crocheted with lace. Now far-seeing manufacturers have brought out wooden ornaments in all manner of sorts and shapes—collar pins, hat pins, belt buckles, cuff links, slipper buckles—all to be covered with this crocheted lace. One may have a whole set of them for an afternoon's work, and they make the daintiest of gifts for brides and "next Christmasers."

If crocheting is not in your line, fine lace can be darned around these wooden foundations, of dotted or figured net may be used instead. Whatever material is used, they are as quaint and pretty as the lace-covered gold pins, which is saying a great deal.—Exchange.

CHIC TUSSOR FROCK

This illustration shows a simple but good looking frock for a young girl made from Tussock silk and trimmed with spotted satin foulard and Guipure collar. The belt of suede matches the ground of trimming.

PRETTY FANCY OF FASHION

Jeweled Laces Are Marvelously Beautiful, Though Only for Those With Long Purses.

The very newest thing in jewelry is the reproduction of old and priceless laces in tiny pearls and diamonds mounted upon gunmetal, platinum or diamond net. The exact pattern of the lace is copied, and the whole is formed into a jabot or a lace fall for the collar. Sometimes there is a bow above, composed of some colored stones—emeralds or amethysts or rubies—set in solid.

This new and wonderful work has revolutionized the art of the jeweler, since the workmanship has become quite as valuable as the stones themselves. These laces of jewels are, of course, ruinously expensive, but they are such marvels of beauty that a woman might well dispense with all other ornament for the sake of possessing one of them.

The Swan-Like Throat.

This is to be a great season for collarless frocks.

But one pretty neck is often harder to acquire than the dozens of chemisettes we may have done away with.

A good neck depends much upon the general health, but considerable may be done that is of direct benefit.

Many an otherwise lovely neck is ruined by an awkward poise of the head. The best cure for this is to sit or walk each day with a book on the head. Do not stiffen the muscles to hold this weight. Manage it by balancing.

Thinness of the neck should be an easy fault to overcome.

Plenty of sleep and an abundance of milk, with raw eggs beaten up in it, should help considerably.

The neck should be washed well every night with warm water, followed by a cold spray and massaged afterward with a cold cream.

Low-Cut Neck Edging.

A ready-made dress of dark blue lawn seen recently had at the round Dutch neck a tiny piping formed from the edge of a fine hemstitched handkerchief. The effect was cool and dainty, "and the handkerchief had paint on it, anyway," said the bright originator.

Bracelets Over Gloves.

Few women seem to realize that bracelets over gloves are almost or quite as bad as rings over gloves. If one wears a bracelet with long gloves at all, it should be worn under them; but, if possible, it should not be worn.

Silas Carter's Romance

By Carl Jenkins

There was nothing wrong about Silas Carter. He was a strapping young man who worked in a sawmill and ate three square meals a day. When evening came he sat down to store his mind with knowledge. He couldn't borrow Shakespeare or American history and, in consequence he borrowed romances. They were not exactly dime novels. They related mostly to knights and chevaliers and rescues of distressed damsels.

After reading for two or three years Silas got the idea that he was a chevalier, and that the distressed damsel would sooner or later heave into view. He didn't say anything about it. It might be that he wasn't a chevalier, and it might be that the distressed damsel would be detained on the road.

One night when he was calling on Miss Eunice Bebee, the daughter of a villager, he casually observed:

"Eunice, I love you and want you to be my wife."

"I will," she replied.

Eunice had known Silas for a long time, and had come to realize that she loved him, and why shouldn't she have answered that way? Why blush and stick a finger in her mouth and reply that she would see her father about it? She did just as a plain, sensible girl always does under the circumstances—she waited for Silas to say more.

He began and ended right there. If the distressed damsel appeared he would tell Eunice that he had changed his mind; if she didn't then they would get married some day. Eunice continued to be a good, plain girl, and Silas kept his eyes open for what was coming.

It came one July day. A young lady from the city, stopping at a summer hotel in the village, came down to the mill pond to fish. Silas was in the mill yard, wrestling the sawlogs about, and after a time he heard a scream. He ran for the water and was in time to pull a very wet and frightened girl out by the hair.

He Wrote That He Took His Pen in Hand.

When she could speak she called him a hero and said he had saved her life and won her eternal gratitude. She was the distressed damsel and he the hero—the chevalier. There could be no two ways about that. He was invited to call at the hotel and receive further thanks, and the dripping damsel took her departure.

Silas Carter called. He was braced up by the heroic deed he had done, and he felt very important when he found himself in the presence of a young lady wearing diamonds and fine clothes, and almost smiling at the fresh grease on his boots. He didn't know exactly what to do with his hat, hands and feet, but he stowed them away somewhere and modestly said that he stood ready to rescue a damsel every day in the week.

He was thanked and thanked, and the damsel said she could never forget him. She even went so far as to give him her address in the city and say that she would be pleased to hear from her hero—occasionally. In getting off the hotel veranda Silas fell over a widow's poodle dog and rolled down the steps, but he was none the less a hero in his own eyes for this. He had read that they occasionally took a tumble and were none the worse for it. That evening when he went over to see Eunice he said:

"Euny, I asked you a few nights ago to marry me, didn't I?"

"Yes."

"Well, we'll hold on awhile about it, I guess."

"Very well, Silas," replied the dutiful Eunice.

She might have become angry and jumped up and down and threatened a breach of promise suit, but she didn't. She had heard about the rescue, and she had an idea it was that, but she did not lose her temper. She just moved the pitcher along and said:

"Silas, have another glass of hard cider before you go. It's good to keep off the nightmare."

Silas didn't see the damsel again before she left for home. After waiting for two weeks he wrote to her. He wrote that he took his pen in hand to hope that she was well, and that his own health was never better. He wrote that the sawmill business was good, and that he expected to have his wages raised to $22 a month. He thought of her often, he said. In fact, he had driven a stake at the spot where she had fallen in, and went there to look at it five or six times a day. Then he copied a verse of poetry and ended the letter by saying that he hoped for an answer by return mail.

He didn't receive one, however. Two weeks dragged along, and then one night as he was calling on Eunice he said:

"Euny, about our getting married."

"Yes, Silas."

"I think we'd better."

"Very well."

She waited for him to ask her to name the day, but he had nothing further to say on the subject. A bright idea had occurred to him. He had written "In haste" on the envelope of his letter, but by so doing he may have made the postmaster mad and the epistle had been torn up. He decided to write again.

He took his pen in hand with firmer grip this time, as his wages had been raised to $22 per month. He hoped for an answer within three days, but at the end of a fortnight none had come. One mail a day reached the village post office, but he inquired five times a day, so as to make sure of missing nothing. Another two weeks and no letter.

Was Chevalier Silas in love with the damsel he had rescued? He was. He didn't kick around nights and dream of her, but he loved her gallantly—chivalrously — knightly — the same as the heroes of his romances had loved. Perhaps the reason she hadn't answered was that she was coyly waiting for him to come to the city and tell of his adoration. Her mother might have tied her up in the garret or her father thrust her into a dungeon deep because she had told of her love for him. For three days Silas debated as to what the Chevalier St. Aubyn would have done under like circumstances, and then he left for the city.

Having the damsel's address, it was easy to find her father's house. He found it early in the morning, just as the father was emerging with a very strong cigar in his mouth. He gave Silas a looking over, uttered a "humph!" to himself, and then asked:

"Well, what is it?"

"Your—your daughter was up at Bellville in July," stammered the young man.

"Well, what of it?"

"She tumbled into the mill pond."

"And got wet. Well, what of that?"

"I—I work in the sawmill there."

"I thought so. Go on."

"I pulled her out of the pond."

"Oh, you did? Did it strain your back any?"

"No, sir."

"If it did, try a porous plaster."

"But I saved her life, sir," continued Silas, "and she said she'd never forget it."

"And I don't think she will. She lost her false hair and complexion, I believe."

"And she asked me to call on her if I was ever in town."

"And being as you are in town, you have come to call. Well, you can go in and interview the cook if you wish. My daughter has been married six weeks and is still away on a bridal tramp. She never mentioned anything about you, but if you really saved her life, why, have a cigar with me."

Silas reached home that night at 11 o'clock. His jaw was set and his look was determined. The villagers had long since got to bed, but that was naught to him. He walked to the house of Eunice's father and around to her window, and, in response to his calls, a head was poked out and a voice exclaimed:

"My stars, Silas, but what's happened!"

"Nothing yet, but something's going to. You be ready at nine o'clock in the morning to be married! There's been fooling enough about it!"

Red Deer's Winter Home.

The winter home of the American red deer is very interesting. When the snow begins to fly the leader of the herd guides them to some sheltered spot where provender is plentiful. Here as the snow falls they pack it down, tramping out a considerable space, while about them the snow mounts higher and higher until they cannot get out if they would. From the main opening, or "yard," as it is called, tramped out paths lead to the near-by trees and shrubbery which supply them with food. In this way they manage to pass the winter in comparative peace and safety.—St. Nicholas.

$500 For a Scream.

"Nobody knows what risks men of wealth run but the men themselves," said one of them. "I know one thing. Nothing could pay me to admit a woman to my office when I'm in it alone. I did once. It was enough. She was selling volumes of some book or other. She told me the price. I refused very politely to buy. She sat perfectly still.

A BROAD HINT.

Jim—I suppose you love to go sleighing because of the melody of the jingling sleigh bells.

Jess—Yes, and they often lead up to the wedding bells. That's the best of it.

Might Do It.

"Do you know anything that will kill potato bugs?" asked the young man with the yellow fingers.

"Yes," said the old lady with the gingham apron, crustily, "get 'em to smoke cigarettes!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Deduction in a Street Car.

The Heavyweight—Pardon me, did I step on your foot, sir?

Coogan—If yez didn't, begorry, then the roof must hov fell on it.—Puck.